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THE AVENGER;

OR,

ONE HUNDRED FOR ONE.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

IN

FIVE ACTS.

BY

JAMES M. ALLERTON.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y.:
DAILY UNION BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

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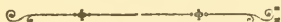
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TOM QUICK,
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ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On Bank of River.*

STAGE SETTING—*Shaving Horse—Shavings and
Hoop-poles—QUICK Shaving Hoop-poles.*

Enter POMP.

QUICK. Just in time, Pomp ; these poles are all too short.

POMP. Misses says de meat is short, and dat I must go and kill some rabbits.

QUICK. Right up there the rabbits are thick.

POMP. Where, massa ?

QUICK. Do you see that tall tree ? (*Enter MAGGIE, gets in barrel.*) Now, Pomp, help me drive the hoops

on this barrel, and then you can go and shoot some rabbits. (*MAGGIE strikes QUICK on head.*) Come, Pomp, no play here!

POMP. I no play, cept I play on dis hoop. (*MAGGIE strikes POMP on head, POMP runs and beckons QUICK to come to him.*)

QUICK. Why, Pomp, you look as if you had seen a ghost.

POMP. Dere is an Injun in dat barrel. I seed him wid my own eyes. He hit me on de head. Sound like a drum.

QUICK. Did you strike me a moment ago?

POMP. No.

QUICK. Something did.

POMP. I tell you, massa, it was an Injun. I seed him. He after my scalp. Oh—oh.

QUICK. You may be right, Pomp. Run to the house and get the gun. (*Exit POMP.*) Is this the natural or the super-natural? Certainly, something struck me on the head. As Pomp says, it sounded like a drum.

Enter POMP with gun.

POMP. Now, massa, shoot em! Shoot em!

QUICK. Not until we have seen something to shoot.

POMP. Shoot de barrel, massa, shoot de barrel.

QUICK. No! You go and upset the barrel, and I will stand on guard.

POMP. If I find an Injun dere, I'll sarve him as Jonah did de whale—I'll eat em up. (*POMP starts for the barrel, shaking with fear.*) Mr. Injun—Mr. Injun, now I hab you. (*Dropping on the floor and crawling toward the barrel; is then seized with fear and rolls away, then crawls to the barrel and upsets it.*) Dere he is, massa. Shoot'm! Shoot'm!

(*POMP runs off with fear. Enter MAGGIE from behind barrel, laughing.*)

QUICK. Maggie, you little mischief! What are you doing in that barrel?

MAG. (*running to him.*) Only having a little fun. Grand-pa—Grand-pa, was you scared? Pomp was. He was so scared he looked white. Pomp, come here. I won't hurt you. Grand-pa (*taking hold of him*), you won't be mad at me, will you? I only done it for a little fun. O, I tell you it was bully fun to see Pomp.

QUICK. You little minx! I want to get mad, but I can't. Those eyes of yours look just as your mother's did when she was of your age.

POMP (*in the distance.*) Massa, hab you shooted all dem Injuns? Hab you shooted dem all? (*Enter POMP.*) What is dat? Massa kill all the big Injuns and capture the pap-pooes?

QUICK. Come Pomp, it was only Maggie that scared you so.

POMP—Is dat so, massa? Is dat so; only little Maggie (*stepping up bravely, taking MAGGIE by the hand.*) If you had been an Injun, I'd sarved you as Jonah did de whale. O, wan't massa scared! Sent me after de gun. (*Pomp laughing.*)

MAGGIE. Pomp, was you scared?

POMP. No, I wan't scared. I knew it was Maggie all de while.

QUICK. Now, Pomp (*handing gun*), you can take the gun and go after rabbits.

POMP. Up dere, by dat tree?

QUICK. Yes, the one just above the spring.

POMP. Wild rabbits?

QUICK. Yes.

POMP. Den I'll tame em. [*Exit POMP.*]

QUICK. Come here, Maggie. You are a mischievous little girl, but still I love you; your grand-ma loves you; Uncle Tom loves you—we all love you.

MAG. And I love you all.

QUICK. Poor child! It was a sad blow when your father died.

MAG. But I have a good grand-pa.

QUICK. Yes, and a home as long as I live. Now go and help your grand-ma.

MAG. Yes, I'll help her wash and churn and do lots of things.

(Exit MAGGIE. Enter POMP with string of rabbits.)

QUICK. Hi, Pomp, you have been in luck to-day. Game must have been plenty.

POMP. Yes, massa, game plenty. Injuns plenty, too. Golly, massa, more dan one hundred and fifty tousand million Injuns dere.

QUICK. Tut—tut, Pomp, there ain't that many Injuns in the world.

POMP. Not so many as dat?

QUICK. No, you exaggerate.

POMP. I zagerate. Dat's too much for dis nigger. What is zagerate?

QUICK. To exaggerate is to multiply, to increase, to over-estimate the real number.

POMP. Den you tink I lie?

QUICK. No, not lie, Pomp, only mistaken.

POMP. I tell you, massa, Pomp make no mistake. Pomp know—counted every one of dem.

QUICK. Counted a hundred and fifty thousand millions! Why, Pomp, that is more than you could count in your whole life time. That is more than there are trees in the forest!

POMP. Dat so, massa, dat so. Dats how I know how many dere was. Dere was fifty Injuns in ebery tree, and de wimins and de chilluns was a hanging on de bushes.

QUICK. What were they doing, Pomp?

POMP. Looken and peeken at you wid deir knives

and guns in deir hands, just as I would do if I was going to shoot a deer.

Enter TOM.

QUICK. Just in time, my son. You can go up the river with me to get some hoop-poles. Pomp, get the axe and come along.

POMP. Massa, just for dis once scuse dis darkey?

QUICK. Why, Pomp, what are you afraid of? Do you think the bears will squeeze you?

POMP. No, mass, I tink Injuns scalp me.

TOM. Nonsense, boy. nonsense! The Indians are our friends, and, sooner than harm a hair of our heads, they would die for us.

POMP. Dat may be so, young massa; but I tell you dey look mighty fightish. Dey peek down dis way as if dey were looken for scalps.

QUICK. We will excuse you, Pomp. You must have had bad dreams last night, and to-day every tree and stump is an Indian. And if they were I'd have no fear. I am the Indian's friend. My house has been their shelter, and my table bountifully spread to satisfy their wants. And my son Tom, here, has hunted over these mountains, and fished through these streams with them until he has learned their language and nearly forgotten his own. Come, boys, let us go for the poles.

POMP. Yes, massa, you go for de poles. Dis darkey go for de cellar.

[Exit POMP.]

QUICK. My son, what could have got into Pomp's head to make him think the woods are full of Indians? He really believes he saw thousands.

TOM. It is true, father, that the Indians have appeared up the river in large numbers, and have taken some scalps; but there is no danger here. The Indians are our friends. I love them as brothers, and would trust them as I would you, father.

(They start and are greeted by a volley of rifle shots. QUICK falls, mortally wounded.)

TOM. You are hurt, father, let me help you.

QUICK. No, boy, help yourself and those that must now depend on you for protection. Pomp was right. They will soon have my scalp. Flee for your life, Tom, flee!

TOM. What! and leave my father to the merciless savage? *Never!*

QUICK. Yes, leave me. They have destroyed the body, but my soul is in the hands of one that never deceives. *(War whoop is heard.)* My son give me your hand. Tom, I love you, I love you all. Will you grant me one request?

TOM. Yes, father, name it *(wiping his eyes with his sleeve.)*

QUICK. Fly, then, to the opposite shore. When it is safe, return and give me Christian burial. I leave Maggie in your charge. You must be both uncle and father to her.

TOM. It shall be as you say, father; but I swear eternal vengeance on every cursed redskin.

QUICK. Swear not at all, my son, but run. The Indians are coming down upon us—I hear their scalping whoop.

TOM. Farewell, father, farewell.

(TOM springs on the ice and swiftly runs for the opposite shore; a volley of balls whiz by him, a ball strikes his heel and he falls. The Indians cry, "TOM is dead!" TOM rises to his feet and escapes to the Jersey shore.)

(Enter MUSKWINK, snaps gun at QUICK, gives crow call, "Kah, kah, kah;" braves enter, execute a war dance around QUICK.)

MUSKWINK. Pale face, your time has come and the white man's God cannot save you.

QUICK. The white man's God will save me and take me home in the spirit's land (*pointing heavenward.*)

MUSKWINK. Without your scalp?

QUICK. My soul is not in my scalp. You can destroy the body, but my soul is beyond your reach.

MUSKWINK. Can white man stand fire?

QUICK. Yes, in this world—Indian in the next.

MUSKWINK. Dog! Do you defy me and insult the Great Spirit? Prepare for torture!

QUICK. I am prepared to die—do your worst. I can but die—die I must.

MUSKWINK. Where is the white man's God? Indian's God is here! We see the Great Spirit in the lofty mountains, in the foaming streams and rustling leaves. We hear him in the whistling wind, the roaring cataract and belching thunder. We think we feel him here (*placing hand on heart*). Indian's God good, great and powerful. White man's God help white man cheat Indian. White man's God send missionary to convert Indian. Missionary in the cabin of the ship, fire-water in the hold. White man want all and cry, "Go West, Indian, go West!" The Delaware and Neversink valleys were once the home and hunting ground of the Indian. We were then contented and happy. You came among us. We gave you land to live on and helped to build your house. Then the white man swarmed among us like bees from the hive. Now, the Cuddebacks and Swartwouts, the Gumaers and Van Ettens own all. From the Hudson on the East to the Delaware on the West, the ravages of Christianity are to be seen at every step. The Indian lodge is gone. The white man's house has taken its place, and your cry is still, "Go West, Indian, go West!" Yes, the white man will drive the Indian West until their bodies

waste on the Western slope and their bones are washed by the waters of the Pacific, but remember, white man, that revenge is the Indian's religion. Revenge we seek, revenge we will have. Yes, we will go West, but not until we have taken the last scalp and burned the last house in the Delaware Valley. White man, I will now speak to my braves in their own native tongue and incite them to deeds of blood and bravery—and then thou die.

(Muskwink addresses his braves in the Delaware tongue, which, being translated, is as follows :

Braves ! The time has come to assert our rights. The invader of our hunting grounds must be driven to the spirit's world, or we must submit like women. But a few years ago the Neversink and Delaware valleys was our home and hunting grounds. Now the white man owns all and we are driven to the mountains. Soon there will be no ground where the Indian can build his wigwam. The white man respects neither the dead or the living. The graves of our fathers are being ploughed and their bones scattered over the fields. Thomas Quick was the first to come among us. He is the leader. He should die ! All Indians should unite. The war cry should be sounded, the hatchet should be dug up and the scalping knife unsheathed. As your chief I will set the example—kill him with my own tomahawk and scalp him with my knife. The braves will give the war-whoop, and cowards will retire to the mountains with the women. *(Kills and scalps QUICK amid the war-whoops of the Indians)*, saying, Die, dog, die ! Tom Quick's scalp. Uh ! Uh ! *(Tears off sleeve buttons.)* Tom Quick's sleeve buttons.

HAWKEYE. White man come ; white man come.

MUSKWINK. To the mountains, braves, to the mountains. *(Exit Indians.)* Tom Quick first to invade In-

dian soil—first to die. [Exit MUSKWINK.]

Enter TOM, followed by BETSY, MAGGIE and POMP.

TOM. Father! Father! My God! Killed and scalped!

BETSY (*falling beside QUICK.*) Oh, my husband!

TOM. You will see that father is properly buried. I have other work to do. From this time my work will be to avenge my father's death. (*Then TOM takes knife in right hand and gun in left.*) By the point of the knife in my right hand and the deadly bullet in my left, I swear by Heaven and all there is in it, by earth and all there is on it, by the love I bore my father, here, by his dead body, I swear eternal vengeance on the whole Indian race. I swear to drive them from the Delaware Valley. I swear to kill all—to spare none; the old man with silver hair, the lisping babe without teeth, the mother quick with child, and the maid in the bloom of youth shall die. A voice from my father cries, "Revenge! Revenge! Eternal—revenge!"

(*Throwing himself across father's body.*)

END ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—QUICK's kitchen.

STAGE SETTING.—*Spinning-wheel, swift and reel.*

BETSY *at spinning-wheel*, MAGGIE *at reel*, BETSY and MAGGIE *singing.*

MAGGIE. Grandmother, why do you tie this on the reel so often?

BETSY. So as to divide the knots. By that we know when we have got a run.

MAGGIE. What difference does it make when you have the wool all spun? You don't make any more or less of it by tying it up in this way.

BETSY. But we know how much we have got.

MAGGIE. What difference does it make? You have got it all, any way.

BETSY. I will explain it to you, child. It is very important to know just how many runs we have. There are forty threads in a knot. You will notice that every little while a spring snaps on the reel. That denotes one knot, or that you have turned the reel around forty times. Then you must tie it and go on as before, and, when you have forty knots, you have one run, or sixteen hundred threads.

MAGGIE. But, grandmother, I fail to see where that makes any difference. You haven't got any more after all your counting.

BETSY. But, child, it does makes a difference. First, one run is a day's work. Thirty knots will make a yard of cloth, nine knots a pair of stockings, and four knots a pair of mittens.

MAGGIE. I see, grandmother, I see, now, what it is for.

BETSY. I have not told you all the reasons yet. Suppose we had wool enough to make eighty runs of yarn, some to be spun for men's wear, some for women's wear, and some for sheets, stockings and mittens, how would we know how much to spin of each kind unless it was reeled and knotted?

MAGGIE. I see it all, now, and will try and remember.

BETSY. Yes, Maggie, you must learn and remember all these things; for no girl is prepared to marry until

she can spin and weave, make and mend her husband's clothes.

MAGGIE. Why, grand-ma, do you think that I am going to get married ?

BETSY. Yes; at least I hope so ; for a woman without a husband is like a house without a roof, assailed by the storms of the world from every quarter.

MAGGIE. Then I shall be assailed ; for I shall never marry.

BETSY. That is what all girls say ; but their actions speak differently.

MAGGIE. Why, grand-ma, have I acted that way ?

BETSY. Maggie, you are in love with Abram Winfield, or you are a hypocrite

MAGGIE. I am no hypocrite, grand-ma.

BETSY. You love him, or your eyes and actions belie you.

MAGGIE. Grandmother, neither my eyes nor actions belie me. I do love Abram, and have promised to be his wife.

BETSY (*taking Maggie's hand.*) Maggie, I approve of your choice, and, were your father and grandfather living, they would, too ; but when is the wedding to take place ?

MAGGIE. As soon as the war is over.

BETSY. This is a relief, Maggie ; for Piper could have but one object in coming here.

MAGGIE. And that object, grandmother ?

BETSY. To gain your affections, child.

MAGGIE. Don't you worry about Piper ; I hate him. I only endure his presence because Uncle Tom used to think so much of him.

BETSY. Well, we will talk of Piper at some other time. You finish winding the yarn, and I will go and get the potatoes for dinner. [*Exit BETSY.*]

Enter POMP, singing.

Hi! ho! raftmen dere,
Float'n down de riber in de Delaware.
De raftmen dance,
De raftmen sing,
De raftmen up to ebery ting.
Dey dance all night
Till broad day light,
And go home wid de gals in de morn'n.

MAG. There, there, Pomp! You seem to have forgotten that our hearts are sad and our home desolate.

POMP. No, missie, Pomp no forget. Pomp know all. Pomp see old massa out dere in de woods.

MAG. See what?

POMP. See old massa wid a big red spot on de top ob his head, whar de Injuns cut his scalp off.

MAG. You imagined that, Pomp.

POMP. I injuned dat?

MAG. No, not injuned—imagined.

POMP. What am maged?

MAG. That is to think you have seen something, when you have not. You think you saw my grandfather, but you could not; for he is dead and buried.

POMP. Don't git mad, Miss Maggie. I tell you I did see old massa out dere—dat is, I see his ghost-tis dere, and dat scare dis darkey so dat I got so white dat I didn't know myself. And den I sung de raftmen to keep de ghost-tis-ses off.

MAG. That is what Uncle Tom calls whistling through the grave yard for protection.

POMP. Whar am massa Tom?

MAG. I don't know. He has been gone four years.

I suppose he is hunting. He seized his knife and shouldered his gun at his father's grave. Since that time he has not been seen or the report of his rifle heard. But he will return and bring his game.

POMP. Yes, Tom will return, but widout his game. Dat he will leab in de woods for de wild cats, wolves and bars to eat.

MAG. Why not bring his game home?

POMP. Kase Miss Maggie wouldn't eat Tom's game.

MAG. What game do you think Tom hunts?

POMP. De Injuns am Tom's game. He takes deir scalps and frows deir bodies to de wolves.

MAG. O, Pomp, that is horrible. My Uncle Tom wouldn't do that.

Tom appears, listening.

POMP. Yes, he will do dat—he got to do dat. He swar to do dat. He swar by heben, by arth, by all dats in it or on it, to kill all de Injuns. De ole man wid de silber har, de little babe widout teef, the mudder wid child; and all de squaw gals should die.

Enter TOM, with gun.

MAG. Why, uncle Tom (*running to and kissing him*), I am so glad to see you! Where have you been? What have you been doing? Pomp says that you are hunting Indians.

TOM. Pomp is right, Maggie; the rest of my life shall be devoted to the extermination of the savage race. I have sworn it.

POMP. Yes, massa Tom, Pomp am always right; but when I told yer dat dere was more dan one hundred and fifty tousand million Injuns in de woods, you sed I graduated.

MAG. You mean exaggerated.

TOM. We will not quarrel with Pomp about the

number. There were a great many, then, more than there are now, and their number will grow less from day to day, or this rifle will miss its mark (*raising his rifle.*) But, Maggie, where is mother? I wish to see you and her alone for a few moments. Pomp, you go and feed the chickens.

POMP. Yes, massa, I'll stuff de chickens now; dey stuff me nex Crismas. [Exit POMP.]

Enter BETSY. (Embraces Tom.)

BETSY. Welcome, Tom, to our desolate home—and made still more desolate by your absence. Sit down, my son, and let us plan for the future.

TOM. Mother, my plans for the future are already formed. I proclaimed them at my father's death. I then and there made a vow. That vow is engraven on my heart—and recorded in Heaven. Think not to deter me. Revenge I seek—revenge I'll have. But I love my mother and Maggie none the less; and have returned for but a few moments to advise for the future.

BETSY. What are your plans, Thomas?

TOM. My plan is (*taking MAGGIE by the hand*), that this dear girl marry, and she and her husband take care of you and the farm.

MAG. Then, I suppose, you have been so thoughtful as to select my future husband?

TOM. I have. Peter Piper is the man.

MAG. Do you think that you would like to call me Mrs. Peter Piper?

TOM. I think I would like to see you married, and Peter Piper would make you a good husband. Come, Maggie, what do you say?

MAG. Say to what?

TOM. To marrying Peter Piper.

MAG. Uncle, you ain't in earnest?

TOM. I was never more so in my life.

MAG. I don't know that Peter Piper would like to make me Mrs. Peter Piper.

TOM. I know, and he would marry you to-night. Come, Maggie, what is your answer?

MAG. My answer is that you had better get married yourself, and you and your bride take care of mother and the farm.

TOM. That can't be, Maggie. Hereafter I have no home. Henceforth the mountains and woods will be my home; the cave my retreat; the earth my bed; the starry heavens my covering—and revenge my bride. I have sworn it! I have vowed it! That vow I'll keep, though I lose my soul. And my cry, hereafter, will be, "Revenge! Revenge!!" Back—back——demons, devils and saints——back! (MAGGIE *and* MOTHER *on either side take hold of him.*)

BETSY. Tom, my boy, you are beside yourself. This terrible thing has driven you mad and deprived you of reason. Listen, boy, listen to your mother.

TOM. Mad, eh! Yes, mother, it may be madness; but it is a heaven-sent madness, from which I shall never recover.

Enter PIPER.

But here comes Piper, who will speak for himself. Good morning, Piper (*shakes hands.*) I have spoken to Maggie about you marrying her, but she has not answered me yet. Come, Maggie, give us an answer—I must go. I saw a moccasin track in the sands this morning and must be on the trail before sun down.

MAG. What do you want me to answer?

TOM. Will you marry Piper?

MAG. He hasn't asked me yet.

PIPER. I ask you now (*getting on knees and taking hold of MAG's hands.*) Maggie, I love you a bunch—yes, a great big bunch, and want you for my wife.

MAG. Get up, Pete. That ain't no place for a lover

or hunter. (*He rises.*) Now, Pete, you say that you love me?

PIPER. Yes, Maggie, everybody says I love you.

MAG. Suppose that some girl should ask you to marry her, that you did not like, what would you say?

PIPER. What would I say?

MAG. Yes, what would you say?

PIPER. Why, Maggie, you know I would say "No." Do you think I would marry a girl that I didn't love, and wouldn't be willing to die for?

MAG. Would you die for me, Peter?

PIPER. Would I die for you? I guess I would. Just give me a chance and I'll die ten times for you.

MAG. You needn't die ten times—once will do. Now, just die once, right here, to convince me that you love me. I want to see if you would make a good looking corpse.

PIPER. Oh—I see; you want me to die in earnest, so that you can marry that other fellow.

TOM (*excitedly.*) What other fellow?

PIPER. I tell you, Tom, Maggie is a sly puss. She has been smiling around Abe Winfield at all the apple-cuts this fall.

TOM. Is that so, Maggie?

MAG. I don't know whether it is so or not; but I don't think I would die for him.

TOM. Come, my time is precious——will you marry Piper?

MAG. Not if I am there and know myself.

TOM. Why not, pray, Miss Maggie? I desire it.

MAG. For the very reason that Pete gave why he wouldn't marry a girl he didn't like.

PIPER. But I do like you, Miss Maggie.

MAG. But I don't like you, Peter.

PIPER. Why, you know that I am dying for you.

TOM. I must leave you (*picking up gun*), and trust

that when I return to learn that you and Piper have come to an understanding. A woman's heart is something I never could comprehend. (Tom starts to go.)

PIPER. O, Maggie, do before Tom goes.

TOM. Maggie, I am not only your uncle but your lawful guardian, and as such I have the right to dispose of your hand.

MAG. But not of my heart, uncle—that belongs to me; and sooner than yield that to a cowardly fool-like Peter Piper, I'll remain an old maid until I dry up and blow away.

TOM. That settles it. You had better try your suit some other day, and I hope you will be more successful. I will join you outside in a moment.

PIPER. Good by, Maggie.

MAG. Good by, Peter; take good care of Tom.

TOM. Piper wait for me outside. [*Exit* PIPER.]

BETSY. Why, Tom, are you going to leave us so soon? Don't let your misfortune cause you to forget your home and mother.

TOM (*affectionately*). Forget my dear mother and the home of my childhood? Never! mother, never! It is the love I have for my home and parents that has caused me to become the avenger of the Delaware valley. Good by, mother! Good by, Maggie! (*Embracing each.*) [*Exit* TOM.]

Enter POMP.

MAG. Mother, what makes Tom so anxious for me to marry Peter Piper?

BETSY. The murder of his father has turned his head and dethroned his reason. He is not responsible for what he says or does; but I must prepare dinner. [*Exit* BETSY.]

POMP. Whew, missie, dat was a doxoliger! You am a reg'lar trump—turn jack ebery time. Call Peter

Piper fool, ah—ah ! Dere you wrong, missie. Peter no fool—Pete big debbil. Pete help Injuns kill massa.

MAG. Was Piper with the Indians when they killed and scalped my grandfather ?

POMP. Yah.

MAG. You are sure of that ?

POMP. Yah.

MAG. You are sure that you are not mistaken ?

POMP. Pomp knows—Pomp makes no mistake. Pomp see one hundred and fifty tousand Injuns in de woods, and Peter Piper was one ob dem. Pomp tell ole massa of dat, and massa tell me I graduate. Massa no belieb Pomp and git scalped.

MAG. Come here, Pomp, and sit beside me.

POMP (*aside.*) I wonder if she am going to make lub to me ! Dere am no telling what calico will do in a gale.

MAG. Pomp (*taking hold of his hands*), now let us have a serious talk.

POMP. Serus talk ! Wot am dat ?

MAG. A talk in which you mean what you say, and say what you mean.

POMP. A sort of ligious talk ? Go ahead, den ; I feel berry spirital.

MAG. Pomp, do you believe that Piper is a tory ? (*Looks around.*)

POMP. Yah, he am bell-wether tory.

MAG. Then, Pomp, we must keep an eye on him. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

POMP. Yah, missie, I keep two eyes on him—

[*Exit POMP.*]

MAG. Let me see. I am just 19 years old to-day ; weigh 110 pounds ; pretty good looking, at least Peter

Piper thinks so ; old enough to get married, at least uncle Tom thinks so. Well, I think so myself. I wonder why I think so ? Well, I suppose it is natural ; all girls want to get married, and half of them want the same fellow. I used to think that girls were foolish to tie themselves to any man for life, but since I became acquainted with Abe I have kinder got over that. I guess it is a good thing to have a good husband and a home of your own, but girls ain't always sure of that. Grand-ma says it is a lottery ; that sometimes you draw a prize and sometimes a blank. But what am I talking about ? Abram Winfield is no blank—he is a prize. He is noble and generous. He is a patriot and willing to lay down his life for his country, and, above all, he loves me. What more can a girl ask ? Do I love him ? That is the question ! Yes, I do—my heart tells me so, and grand-ma says that my eyes and actions speak the language of my heart. Yes, Abram, I love you and long for this cruel war to end, that you may return and make me your bride. But suppose——no, I'll not think of that. Heaven could not be so cruel as to suffer him to be harmed. But I don't like that sneaking Piper coming here so often. Grand-ma says he is trying to gain my affections. Just let him press his suit, and he will have the affections of a broom-stick to take home with him.

Enter POMP.

POMP. Miss Maggie, dat oder feller am coming.

MAG. What other fellow ? Who—what (*confused*.)

POMP. Yer beau, massa Abe.

MAG. And I looking like a fright ! Pomp, you run down the lane and tell him some fish or ghost story and

keep him out of the house until I fix my hair and brush up. [Exit POMP.]

There, I guess that will do. Now I am a real Juliet looking for her Romeo. Here he comes!

Enter ABRAM WINFIELD.

WIN. Maggie!

MAG. Abram! (*Embracing each other.*)

WIN. Maggie, you are an angel!

MAG. Then, Abram, this must be heaven.

WIN. Yes, a heaven I would like to remain in—but duty calls me elsewhere.

MAG. And leave me alone without a protector?

WIN. For a short time only, I trust.

MAG. It is hard, Abram—it is hard. One short month more and you were to have been mine; now you leave me, perhaps never to return. (*Draws her to his bosom.*)

WIN. Maggie, this must not be. You make us both miserable. You know that you have my undivided love, but my country calls; my comrades call; my love for you calls and I must go. Rely upon the honor of a soldier, that, if it is God's will, I will return and make Maggie my bride.

MAG. (*freeing herself.*) And I say, "go!" I, your affianced wife, say "go!" I, who love you as no other can, say "go!" And on the tented field or amid the clash and clamor of arms, I will be thy guardian angel. Yes; go, and take with you my prayers. I am your's and will never be another's. Should you fall, I crave the right to bring you home and strew your grave with the choicest of flowers and water them with my tears (*falling on his breast.*)

WIN. Well said, bravest and best of women! (*A flash of light penetrates the house.*) What is that? Brant is upon them; the valley is in flames and the

Indians are at their horrid butchery. I must join my men. Good by, Maggie, good by!

[*Exit* WINFIELD. MAGGIE *weeping.*]

Enter PIPER.

PIPER. Good evening, Maggie! Why, what is the matter? You look sick. You look as though you had been kicked by a mule.

MAG. It is not necessary to be kicked by a mule to produce sickness; the presence of one is sufficient, and unless you get out of here at once your muleship will be kicked into the road. Pomp, Pomp—come here.

PIPER. Ha, ha! You may call on Pomp until doomsday. He won't come. I locked him in the chicken house to fight fleas. Now, Maggie Quick, take your choice. Go with me willingly or by force—for go you shall.

MAG. I'll not go either way. I'll die first.

PIPER. I have no time to fool. Will you go?

MAG. NEVER!

PIPER. Never is a long time. We will see. Come! (*Seizes her.*) Maggie Quick, you are in my power. Neither men nor devils can save you. Your father is dead, your grandfather is dead, and your false lover has forsaken you. Come!

MAG. (*pulls loose.*) Peter Piper, do you think to scare a backwoods girl by telling her that her father is dead? Do you expect to frighten me by saying my lover is false? You are not only a liar, but a coward.

PIPER. A coward?

MAG. Yes, a base coward. None but cowards would take advantage of a woman! Leave me, beast—leave me!

PIPER. When I go you will go with me. Come!

(*Takes hold of her with left hand, holds gun in right ; a struggle ensues ; she lets go ; PIPER falls, throwing gun over his head ; MAGGIE runs, calling, "Abe! Abe!" PIPER rises, draws knife and rushes at her.*)

Enter WINFIELD.

WIN. Here ! (*MAGGIE throws herself on his bosom. ABE fires and PIPER is wounded.*)

PIPER. CURSE HIM ! CURSE HIM !!

[*Exit PIPER.*]

END ACT II.

ACT III.

SCÈNE I.—TOM's cabin in the woods.

Enter TOM from a hunting expedition with a saddle of venison.

TOM. This is rather a nice evening. Let me see—it is full moon, a good coon night. Yes, a good night for Indian coons. What say you, Long Tom ? (*raises gun.*) How would you like to drop one of the red coons before morning ? I would. That would make it just eighty-seven red devils that I have sent to the spirit's land since Muskwink murdered my father. Tell me, oh, ye stars ! (*looking up*) for what was he murdered ? For being a good man, a kind neighbor, a God-fearing and God-loving man ? Father—my father—you sleep on the banks of the Delaware. No, only your body lies there ; your spirit is here, there—everywhere. It is now hovering round and about me. It is continually whispering in my ear, Revenge ! Revenge ! It is God's will that your death should be avenged. It is God's will that Tom Quick should be your avenger. For this I have left home and the comforts of civilized life and burrowed in the ground

like a rabbit. For this I have left the mother that gave me birth and taught me to say (*kneeling*), "Now I lay me down to sleep ; I pray the Lord my soul to keep. If I should die before I wake ; I pray the Lord my soul to take." That kind, good and generous mother now kneels on the old family hearth and mourns the loss of the living, as if dead. Maggie, too ; God bless her ! She is here—I feel her continually knocking at my heart, saying, "Uncle Tom, come home." Pray on, dear girl, and, when my mission is ended, may father and son, mother and child meet in that happy hunting ground, where there will be no father's blood to avenge. (*Pig squeals.*) What is that ? Some new deviltry going on. That squeal sounds more like a two-legged devil than a four-legged hog. Come, Tom (*takes gun*), let us look around and see if one of these pesky red skins is trying to steal our pork. (*Squeal.*) Pretty well done ; but the genuine hog grammar is left out. You forgot to dot your I's and cross your T's. You lay too much stress on that L in the word squeal. (*Squeals again.*) That is a little better and might deceive a boy, but it won't me. Tom is too old for that. You had better stop squealing and go to praying, for the Devil will have a new comer before morning, or my name is not Tom Quick. Come, Tom (*lifting gun*), let us walk around and see how his porkship looks in the rear. (*Continual squealing. Tom passes through cabin and appears left of pig-pen, takes aim, fires and Indian leaps in the air and falls on the outside of the pen.*) Well done, Tom, well done ! That makes the record eighty-seven. Let me see. According to old Daboll, it will take just thirteen more to make an even hundred. Tom, let us pray. (*Leaning on gun, foot on Indian's breast, with bowed head.*) Good Lord or good devil, either one or both ! I do hereby pray that I may be permitted to remain in this mortal coil until I

have sent thirteen more Indians to the spirit's land ; then I shall be ready and willing to depart to the hunter's paradise, Amen ! (*Rolling Indian over with his foot.*) Well, Mr. Squealer, why don't you squeal now ? I guess Long Tom has taken all the squeal out of you. I have heard say that two things can't occupy the same place at the same time, so I suppose that when the bullet went in, the squeal went out. Why didn't you run a little further from the house before you turned your toes up ? You will smell bad here and invite the wolves and panthers to view your corpse. Come, come ! (*Takes hold of him.*) Take your last leap down the rocks.

[*Exit TOM dragging Indian off.*]

SCENE II.—*Indians cross stage on trail of TOM at Westbrookville. Scene changes.*

SCENE III.—*Tom splitting rails.*

TOM. Here I am at Westbrookville splitting rails. I should be at Shohola splitting heads and scattering brains. That would be more in keeping with my conscience than to stand here and pound on these wedges. Confound the log ! It is as cross-grained as a pepperidge and sticks to the bark as close as an Indian to his scalping knife. Curse the red devils ! I long to see the last one killed and scalped. If there were more Tom Quicks there would be less Indians. Well, they are growing less day by day. Yesterday I sent five more to the Spirits' Land. Yesterday I colored Butler's Falls with blood. Yesterday the hawks at Hawk's Nest Mountain wafted the spirits of five more to the Indian's eternal hunting ground. There were big spirits and little spirits. It was easy to pop over the old man and his squaw, but when it come to knock-

ing out the brains of the little babe, that kindly went against the grain. Confound the little redskin! He looked me right in the eye and laughed, as much as to say: "Uncle Tom, don't." I most wished I had spared the boy to see if anything could be made out of a redskin. But pshaw! papooses become Indians as surely as nits become lice. But I must go to work or the sun will darken before I get these rails split. To-day comes the great eclipse of the sun, and soon that orb from which we receive light and heat will be obscured and the earth will be wrapped in the mantle of night. See! It approaches (*points to sun*) and darkness will soon prevail. What is that! (*Springing for his rifle, but is seized by six Indians.*)

HAWK-EYE. Pale face, your time has come. The Avenger of the Delaware Valley must die. At sundown you can fight fagot and fire. Now call upon the white man's God and see if he can, or will, save you.

TOM. The white man's God is the Indian's Great Spirit. That spirit is here and talks with me.

HAWK-EYE. What does the white man's God say?

TOM. He says Indian tells the truth; that my time has come; that I must die; that I must not fight the Indian now, but go with you freely as soon as my work is done.

HAWK-EYE. What work?

TOM. Finish splitting this log.

HAWK-EYE. What more does the white man's God say?

TOM. He says you must help me split this log, and he will darken the sun until you light the fire about me. See! (*Points to sun.*) The work of the Great Spirit has begun. The sun darkens and it will soon be night at noon-day.

HAWK-EYE. White man's God great and powerful. How did he say Indian help?

TOM. By pulling on the log when I strike the wedge.

HAWK-EYE. White man tell; Indian do.

TOM. Get three on a side and pull. (*The Indians get three on a side, hands on log.*)

HAWK-EYE. We ready. Strike the wedge. (*TOM strikes wedge and it bounds in the air. Crack closes in log and Indians, all yelling, are fast.*)

TOM. Ha, ha! White man's God says more. He says Indian must die. Look at the waning sun. When that becomes darkened the Indians will be in the Spirit's world. It grows darker, darker, darker. Indians die. (*TOM with beetle kills Indians.*)

END ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—QUICK'S Farm House. MAGGIE arranging furniture.

MAG. I wonder if Abe will be here to-night. These soldiers are very uncertain. When you think you've got em they have to go off on some crazy expedition or other, no matter what engagement they have with the girls. But I'm sure of one thing. He'll be at the apple-cut to-night, if he possibly can. He said he'd come if he had to desert (*knock at door. Enter ABRAM, greets MAGGIE.*) Why, Abram! I'm glad you got here before the rest, for there are lots of things I want to tell you.

ABRAM. I heard the rest coming and hurried up on purpose so as to see you a few minutes before they arrived. I think they must have stopped at Squire Westfall's or they would have been here before this.

I haven't felt easy about you ever since that little affair the other day.

MAG. Yes, Abram! You arrived just in time to save me from the hands of the tory Piper.

WIN. Tory! Why Maggie! Is Piper a Tory?

MAG. Yes. He was one of the party that killed and scalped my grandfather.

WIN. Then Col. Tuston was right. He said there were traitors and Tories among us, and sent me back to watch their movements.

MAG. And that was the reason you returned so soon?

WIN. Yes.

MAG. The only reason? (*Tapping him under the chin.*)

WIN. That was the reason for my sudden appearance. I do not regret the order, for had I been a moment later, I fear that—but let us not conjecture; you are safe now and the ruffian will hardly dare to show himself again.

MAG. Don't be too sure of that. He is a bold, bad man.

WIN. Where was Pomp that he did not come to your rescue? I heard you call him as I was coming up the lane.

MAG. For the best of reasons. Piper had him locked in the chicken-house and told him to stay there and fight fleas. But, Abram! is there war or danger of war that made Col. Tuston send you back to watch the Tories?

WIN. Yes, war is not only threatened but actually exists. Brant has ravaged and burnt nearly every house in the Mamakating, Neversink and Delaware Valleys. Not only houses, but hay, grain and cattle have been committed to the flames. The inhabitants have been slaughtered and scalped without mercy. In

one instance only has mercy been shown. Brant murdered the mistress at the Mahogomock school house, but spared the girls that wore white aprons. With a brush he made a black cross on their aprons, saying: "Show that and you are safe." The Swartwouts and Van Ettens, the Cuddebacks and Gumaers, have been driven to the forts; whilst the Deckers, Hornbecks, Van Inwegens and Pattersons have either been slaughtered or carried prisoners to Canada. But Col. Tuston and Hawthorne, with a regiment of Goshen volunteers, are now after them, with what result, God only knows.

MAG. When do you return, Abram?

WIN. When I get orders.

MAG. And when do you expect orders?

WIN. At any moment, Maggie.

MAG. Do you always obey orders?

WIN. That is a soldier's duty.

MAG. May I give an order?

WIN. Why, certainly!

MAG. And you will obey me?

WIN. Most assuredly I will.

MAG. Encircle arms!

WIN. Encircle arms! That is a new evolution. I understand how to shoulder arms, ground arms, carry arms and present arms, but "encircle arms" is not in our tactics.

MAG. But it is in mine.

WIN. Please show me the motions.

MAG. I'll do so. Copy from me. "Rear rank, open order, march." (ABE takes two steps back and MAGGIE stands in front of him.) Now, men, at the command "encircle" you will raise the right hand pointing up and the left hand pointing down, and at the words "ready, aim, fire," advance and fire right and left.

WIN. I understand.

MAG. Front and rear rank to the center, march, encircle, fire. (*They embrace and ABE kisses her on right cheek.*)

WIN. Maggie, you are a witch. I would like to be shot at in that way the rest of my life.

MAG. But you did not obey the order.

WIN. I beg pardon. In what was I remiss?

MAG. You forgot to fire to the left. Try it over again. "Front and rear rank to the center, march." (*They embrace and kiss right and left.*)

Enter POMP with apples.

POMP. Golly, missie, dat basket is hebby. More dan one hundred bushels apples dar.

MAG. You exaggerate, Pomp. You mean one hundred apples.

POMP. Well, if dar ain't a hundred bushels of apples dar, den my name aint Pomp Quick. I zagerate? Dat is what old massa said when I told him dere was more dan one hundred and fifty tousand million Injuns in de woods, but old massa believ dat now. He stands on de highest rock in heaven and counts dem ebery day, and from dere he sees de Tory Piper.

WIN. That was the coward that was rushing on you with a knife as I entered?

POMP. Yes. After he had locked me up in de hen coop to be eat up wid fleas.

WIN. That man must be looked after. (*Piper listening.*)

POMP. You just leave dat to dis child. I'll eat him up. I'll sarve him as Jonah did de whale. I'll swallow him down. He no fool dis nigger. You can bet on dat, massa.

WIN. Who is this colored boy? Who does he belong to?

MAG. Who—Pomp here?

WIN. Yes, this chap that is going to swallow Piper.

MAG. Pomp is our slave, and when we get married he will be your property.

WIN. Never, Maggie ! NEVER !

MAG. The law is, that when you marry me you take all my property.

WIN. Then, Maggie, we can never marry ; for I will never be a slave-holder.

MAG. Then I will sell Pomp and you can take the price.

WIN. Never ! NEVER ! I, Abram Winfield, a lieutenant in the Continental army, fighting for human liberty, for justice and equality, will never traffic in the flesh and blood of my fellow man. When we marry, Maggie, Pomp must go free.

MAG. Pomp, you are free. I wouldn't lose Abe for all the niggers in America. (*Enter young people. Shake hands all around and become seated. POMP distributes plates, knives and apples. In midst of gayety enter DEACON SIMEON CUDDEBACK.*) Good evening, Uncle Sim ! This is Uncle Sim, boys and girls.

UNCLE SIM. Good evening, young folks ! Maggie can I borrow your flax wheel and hetchel for a few days ?

MAG. Certainly, if you can make it go. It ketches when I try to use it. Pomp, just set out that wheel.

UNCLE SIM. I guess I'll sit right down now and try it. If it works, I'll take it home with me. (*Uncle Sim spins and boys and girls become boisterous.*) This, my young friends, is wrong. It is wicked. It is a waste of time which the Creator has given us to prepare for the future. No such frivolities should be allowed at any time, especially now, during this awful war.

MAG. Why, Uncle Sim, if God did not intend that the apples should be peeled and eaten, why did he

cause the tree to blossom and bring forth fruit ?

SIM. Ah ! my dear girl, the devil put that in your head. Remember, God does all things well. The sin is not in peeling and eating the apples, but in what follows. It is the levity and dancing.

MAG. Oh ! Uncle Sim ! Is it wicked to have a little fun, such as "button, button, who has got the button," blind man's bluff and all that kind of thing ?

SIM. There is no harm in the "button." It is in paying the pawn—kissing the girls.

MAG. Wicked for the boys to kiss the girls !

SIM. Decidedly so ! EMPHATICALLY SO !!

MAG. Uncle ! (*looking him in the eyes and tapping him under the chin*) Didn't you get a little wicked once in a while when you were a young man, eh ?

SIM. GIRL ! (*Moves uneasily and arises from chair.*)

MAG. When you used to buzz the girls ? kee ! (*Pokes him in the side.*)

SIM. Girl !

MAG. When you used to go to apple cuts and take your girl home on a horse, kee ! (*Punches him in side.*) and hug her all the way and kiss her at the gate.

SIM. (*aside.*) Confound the girl ! she has thinned the blood in the old man's veins. I feel fifty years younger than when I came here. BLAST me if I don't think I could hug and kiss a girl as well as I could thirty years ago. There is no telling what an old fellow will do when he gets woke up.

MAG. Come, Pomp, clear the floor. Let's get to business. Come, Uncle Sim, show us how they used to do it when you were young.

POMP. Yes, missie, I clear de floor and den I kneel, den we hab a Virginny reel. (*Dance, UNCLE SIM looking on, both feet moving with music. Boys and girls dance one figure of Virginia reel.*)

MAG. Come, boys, let's have a march. Come, Uncle Sim, get your girl and fall in.

SIM. Who? Which one? Where is she?

MAG. Oh, anybody, anywhere. They are all in love with you. (*MAGGIE and partner lead the march, singing.*)

We are marching on towards Peanpack,
Where the drums are loudly beating.
We've just returned from Lackawack,
Where the Indians are retreating.

Will you list and go?

Will you go with me?

Oh come, my love, come go with me,

And I will pay your bounty. (*Kissing.*)

POMP. Now for de bounty. (*MAGGIE leads march, singing as before. POMP in calico dress gets fast to SIM's arm, and he joins in singing, ignorant of his partner until he turns to pay bounty. DEACON very indignant. POMP falls on floor, laughing; rest join in.*)

END ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.— Tom's *Cave in the woods.*

TOM. My work is nearly done, and Indian scalps are growing scarce. For years I have been an outcast. For years I have pursued the redskins and taken their scalps. Their number now stands at ninety-three; the contract is one hundred. Oh! that I could meet and scalp Muskink; then my work would be complete and vengeance satisfied. It was he that killed and scalped my father. It was he that fired the first gun. It was he that robbed my father's dead body. It was he that fired my heart and made me the avenger

of the Delaware Valley. It was he that made me vow at my father's grave to kill all and spare none. That vow I have kept, but still he lives. These hairs are growing white; these limbs are growing stiff; my work is not yet done. Muskwink must—shall die. To-morrow I'll go to the Neversink and at Decker's Tavern I will kill and scalp the murderer of my father. Then I will go to Rosencranse's in the Clove and die. There I will meet again, and for the last time, brothers, sisters and friends. In love, they will close my eyes and lay me away. There I shall sleep sweetly until Gabriel blows his horn and says: "Those that are in the grave, COME FORTH!" Then Tom will come forth with a hundred Indian scalps in his crown, as evidence that he has been a true and faithful servant. But I tire. I'll go to my couch and dream of Muskwink and to-morrow. (*TOM enters cabin and goes to bed. Six Indians approach. TOM is seized, tied and fastened to a log of the house. A keg of whiskey is found by the Indians, of which they drink freely. Then a drunken revelry ensues among the Indians and they all fall asleep but one. He takes a torch in one hand and a knife in the other and starts to kill TOM. He stumbles and falls across TOM'S body and is soon in an unconscious drunken slumber. TOM gets his knife, cuts his bands and escapes. The torch the Indian carried sets fire to the cabin and the Indians are consumed in the flames. TOM views the fire from a distance.*) That is a vengeance I had not planned. That is putting the shoe on the other foot. They intended to burn me, but they are now charcoal. They are out of my way and I am out of their scalps. That makes ninety-nine. Now for the Neversink, Muskwink and one hundred.

[*Erit TOM.*]

Scene changes.

SCENE II.—*Exterior of Decker's Tavern on the Neversink.*

SWARTWOUT. I say, Gumaer, that is a mighty fast horse you have got there.

GUMAER. Yes, Bob showed the colt his heels very easily.

SWART. Did Cuddeback give up the stakes?

GUM. Yes. He told Van Etten to hand me the ten pounds.

(*Enter MUSKWINK, drunk. All look at him.*)

MUSK. Ugh! Ugh! Here you all be. Come, let us have some fire-water. (*Taking bottle from pocket.*) Come and drink with the Indian that killed and scalped old Tom Quick. (*Holding up bottle.*) Come along, all of you. The war is over and the hatchet is buried.

GUM. Don't be too sure of that. His son Tom still lives, and with him the hatchet will never be buried until he has your scalp.

MUSK. Ugh! Tom take my scalp? (*MUSK. drinks again.*) When he does he is welcome to it.

GUM. I understand that he is in the neighborhood and is likely to drop into here at any moment.

MUSK. Let him drop! I can handle him as easily as I did his father.

GUM. Maybe not. You had the first shot then, he may get the first now.

MUSK. NEVER! Muskwink always on guard.

GUM. Hush man! (*looking off at a distance*) There he comes!

Enter TOM.

MUSK. Ugh! He looks just like his father. (*TOM grits his teeth and seizes a chair.*) Old man stay and die! Tom run like a coward! (*TOM gripping chair*

in a rage.) Look, Tom! I will show you what a pretty face the old man made when I jerked his scalp off. (MUSK. *makes hideous grimaces.*) Wan't that a pretty face for an old man to make? I wonder if his son Tom can beat it.

TOM. Scoundrel! (TOM *raises the chair.*)

GUM. Stop, Tom! No blood shed here.

MUSK. Let him come! I can pull off his shirt as easily as I did his father's sleeve buttons. Tom! do you know these buttons? (*Showing them.*) Do you know I tore them from his shirt the same time I did the scalp from his head. (TOM *seizes gun and cocks it.*)

TOM. Dog, march!

MUSK. Where?

TOM. MARCH!! (MUSK. *marches off with Tom following, with gun cocked. Scene changes. Enter MUSK. followed by Tom.*)

MUSK. Tom, would you shoot me?

TOM. Yes, you shot my father.

MUSK. The war is over and peace is declared.

TOM. The war still rages in my breast, and peace will never be declared until you die. (*Raising rifle.*) Dog, you die! (*Shoots and MUSK. falls dead.*) An even one hundred. VENGEANCE IS SATISFIED! I swore to drive the last redskin from the Delaware Valley. I swore to spare none. I swore to kill the old man with silver hair, the lisping babe without teeth, the mother quick with child and the maid in the bloom of youth. I have done it. The valley is clear. The Indians have gone west or to the Spirit's land. There lies the last of the accursed race. Dog! I will not dirty my fingers in his tuft. I'll leave his body to be cooked and dried by the sun, and his scalp to be torn from his head by the wolves. I'll now return to my father's grave and talk with his departed spirit.

[*Exit Tom.*]

Scene changes.

SCENE III.—*Interior of QUICK's house. MAGGIE sitting by table holding letter.*

MAG. Why this letter was written more than two months ago. I wonder who it is from. (*Opens letter.*) Oh, it's from Abe. (*Kisses the letter.*) Now I will read.

NEWBURG ON THE HUDSON, Aug. 30th, 1783.

Dear Maggie :—I have just learned that a messenger to the Minisink Country will leave in a few minutes, and I embrace the opportunity to inform you that I am well and doing well. The treaty of peace has been signed and the army will be disbanded about the first of November. Then I shall fly to the arms of my Maggie. You may expect me at that time. I am happy in the thought that I can then call you mine. Trusting that this letter will be received and read in the same spirit it is written, I remain your affectionate lover,

ABRAM WINFIELD.

P. S. This letter may be some weeks in reaching you, as the carrier has several routes to go. I may arrive soon after the letter.

A. W.

MAG. Well, now, if I am a judge, that is a good letter—rather short, yet to the point. He is going to fly to the arms of his Maggie. Well, he will find her arms ready to receive him, and if I don't hug and kiss him, then my name ain't Maggie Quick. This hugging and kissing by letter don't amount to much. But just wait until he comes. Let me see. He leaves Newburg on the first day of November. Why, it is time he was here now! He won't be long in coming—a hop, a skip, a jump and he is here.

POMP. Oh, Miss Maggie! I'se drefful scared.

MAG. Why, Pomp, what have you seen?

POMP. I seed a great big blue bar comin' up de lane

and de way he swings his forepaws, I tink he want to squeeze someting.

MAG. Pomp, explain yourself! (*Knock at the door.*)

POMP. Dat will explain it. Come in dar! Come in!

Enter A. WINFIELD.

WIN. Maggie!

MAG. Abram! (*Embrace.*)

WIN. This pays me for fighting and striving for liberty.

MAG. And me for waiting.

WIN. Let us wait no longer, Maggie. Let the day of our wedding be fixed at once.

MAG. You command and I'll obey.

WIN. Will two weeks from to-day suit you?

MAG. Yes, two hours. (*Aside.*) That is a long time to wait.

WIN. I thought you would require that time to get ready.

MAG. Ready! Why, Abe, I am like souse—always ready.

WIN. You will require a new dress and other things.

MAG. To get married in?

WIN. Yes. You have worn that dress ever since I became acquainted with you.

MAG. And a long time before. This dress was made and worn by my grandmother in Holland. She was married in it, my mother was married in it, and I will be married in it—if it holds together two weeks longer.

WIN. But, Maggie, I have bought you a beautiful dress right from Paris. I wish to give it to you as a present.

MAG. When we are married I will accept your gift, and not before. Then you can properly give and I can

properly receive. Look out for that girl who is continually receiving presents from her beau. She won't make a jewel of a wife.

WIN. That settles it.

MAG. You must take me just as I am—poor, ignorant and uneducated.

WIN. Maggie, you are a witch—a rough diamond. Come, now, tell me what has happened since I last saw you. (*Sitting down.*)

MAG. You told me that Col. Tuston and Hawthorne were in pursuit of Brant.

WIN. Yes, I remember the circumstance.

MAG. Brant set a trap for them at Lackawaxen and they ran into it and were slaughtered.

WIN. What! all of them?

MAG. No, not exactly all, but nearly so. Since that, the boys have been so scarce that there wasn't enough to go around.

WIN. What do you mean by that?

MAG. I mean that the boys had to do double duty and spark two girls at once. And when we went home from apple cuts, one girl had to ride before and the other behind. Of course, the head girl had all the fun, and the hind girl was left out in the cold.

WIN. By the way, Maggie, what has become of your Tory lover? (PIPER, *listening.*)

MAG. I don't know. I guess he has dropped out.

Enter POMP.

POMP. Yes, I is de darkey dat dropped him out. I tole him if he eber come here agin, I'd sarve him as Jonah did de whale—dat I'd swaller him alibe. Golly, massa, jest gib dis chile de chance—I'd eat him up. Yes, chew him down—make mince-meat of him.

WIN. That is right, Pomp. Protect your mistress and you shall have your freedom.

POMP. I don't want my freedom. I don't want to be nobody's nigger. I want to stay right here wid massa and misses. [ABRAM *rising*.]

MAG. Why, Abram, must you leave me so soon?

WIN. Yes, Maggie. I had imperative orders to clear up a few little matters as soon as I arrived, and only stole a few minutes to run in while passing. I will return in the morning, and after that you will have to set the dog on me to drive me away. Pomp! keep a sharp eye for Piper.

POMP. Yes, massa, I keep two eyes on him—and if he comes here, I swallow him. [*Erit WINFELD*.]

MAG. Pomp, I feel just as if somebody was coming here. I dreamed about Uncle Tom last night.

POMP. Yes, and de rooster crowed three times on de woodpile dis morn'n. And dat is a sure sign dat somebody is a comin'.

MAG. Suppose it should be Piper and he came here to take me off. What would you do?

POMP. Jest let him come! You'd see what I'd do. (*Loud knock at door*.) Golly, what's dat?

MAG. Go to the door, Pomp, and see who is there.

POMP. Come in dere! Come in!

MAG. I told you to go to the door. (*Door opens*.)

POMP. De door is comin to me. (*Enter PIPER*.) Dere—dere he is! Dere is de debble himself. (*Knees shakes and hides under table*.)

PIPER. Good day, miss! (*Swinging his hat, turns*.) Why, gal, what is the matter? You treat an old friend rather coolly. Turn around here and shake hands. (*Takes hold of her*.)

MAG. Hands off! or I'll—

PIPER. Call on that cowardly nigger, I suppose.

MAG. No; I'll call on the spirit of one of your murdered victims.

PIPER. Call me a murderer?

MAG. Yes, a murderer ! A villain ! A traitor ! A Tory !

PIPER. Pray, miss, who have I murdered ?

MAG. My grandfather ! You were with the Indians that killed and scalped him.

PIPER. You speak the truth. I was there then—and for a purpose. I am here now and have an object.

MAG. What is your object here ?

PIPER. To take you—peaceably I hope. But take you I will.

MAG. Then you will take me dead. I had rather die a thousand deaths than be in the hands of such a monster.

PIPER. I have no time to trifle. Go with me or I will bury you by the side of your grandfather.

MAG. Then I'll be buried there.

PIPER. Come ! (*Advancing towards her.* MAGGIE *steps back.*)

MAG. NEVER ! (*An Indian approaches from behind ; throws a blanket over her head and carries her off.*)

PIPER. Mine at last, or I am no Tory.

SCENE IV.

Enter TOM, hairs gray, limbs totter. Looks around.

TOM. It is a long time since I have seen this place. It hasn't changed much—not as much as I have. I was then young and active. Now I am old and stiff and Long Tom (*holds up gun*) has grown old too, and a faithful companion you have been. But we must soon part. (*Throws gun over shoulder.*) You and I are on our last hunt. There are no more Indians to

kill or scalps to take—nothing more to do, but to view my father's grave and die. *[Exit TOM.]*

Scene changes. *Grave of QUICK, SR., mound and tombstone. Enter TOM softly and reverently, hat in hand. Walks around the ground. Gets down on knees and reads inscription on stone.*

TOM. There my father sleeps. Would to God I lay by his side. Oh, that I could arouse the cold, dead clay and tell him that his death has been avenged. Ah! his spirit is here. It is hovering round about me. He smiles approval on what I have done. Yes, father, you are avenged. *(Holds up scalp.)* Here are one hundred for one. But, hark! some one approaches. I'll hide and listen. *(Steps aside. Enter PIPER drawing MAGGIE towards the grave.)*

PIPER. Minx! I've got you now. There is no escape. Promise to marry me or you die.

MAG. Then I'll die—yes, a thousand deaths—before I'll go with you.

PIPER. Consider, girl. I am desperate.

MAG. I have considered and am determined. Strike!

PIPER. Then, take that! *(Rushing on her with knife.)*

TOM. And you take that! *(Knocks knife from his hand with gun; seizes him by the throat, throws him to the ground, places his left foot on his breast.)* Cowardly cur! What mean you? Lady, go to your home! I'll attend to this wretch.

MAG. Not until I have thanked the good man that has saved me.

TOM *(aside.)* That face! That voice!

MAG. Oh, good old man, I thank you! The spirit of the one that lies in that grave will thank you.

TOM. Who lies there?

MAG. My grandfather—

TOM. And my father. Maggie, behold your long lost Uncle Tom!

MAG. Tom! Uncle Tom! is it you? (*Falling on his neck and kissing him. Foot still on PIPER's body.*)

PIPER. My time has come. (*Shouts heard in the distance.*)

Enter POMP.

POMP. Dis way, massa, dis way. Dis is de way I seed him run. Golly, I'll swaller him now—eat him alib!

WIN. Maggie, am I in time? (*Throws his arms around her.*)

MAG. Yes, Abram, thanks to Uncle Tom.

WIN. What, Tom Quick, the Indian slayer, the uncle of my Maggie?

TOM. Yes, the avenger of the Delaware valley. Who are you?

WIN. Abram Winfield of the Continental army and the affianced husband of Maggie Quick. (*Looking down, discovers PIPER.*) What have we here?

TOM. This is the renegade Tory, Peter Piper.

WIN. Then turn him over to me for punishment.

TOM. Leave the punishment of this worse than a savage to me. (*Removes his foot.*) Get up, dog! Get up! (*PIPER rises.*)

WIN. In what way do you propose to punish him?

TOM. By turning him loose for an indignant public to gaze at and for children to point at and exclaim: Traitor! Tory! Coward! Long Tom would be ashamed to put a bullet through his miserable carcass. No, dog, go! I have never stained my hands with the

blood of a white man. (PIPER *sneaks off*, POMP *after him*.)

POMP. Now I'll eat him up. (*Starts toward PIPER.*
PIPER *draws knife and POMP runs with fear.*)

[*Exit PIPER.*]

TOM. You told me that your name is Winfield, and that you are about to marry my niece, Maggie. When is the wedding to take place?

MAG. Two weeks from to-day. And, Uncle, you must be there.

TOM. Why not to-day and here?

MAG. What, in a grave yard?

TOM. Yes, at your grandfather's grave.

WIN. I am willing. What do you say, Maggie?

MAG. As you and uncle say.

TOM. And I say here and now. Before twelve suns have passed around my sun will have gone down—I will be in the spirit's world.

WIN. For a proper legal marriage we must have a preacher.

POMP. I can git you one in two jerks of a lamb's tail. I seed de Dominie at Squire Westfall's as I come along.

ABE. Pomp, go for him at once.

POMP. I'll go. Dis looks like bein a cold weddin widout eny cake. [Exit POMP.]

TOM. The last request your grandfather made was that I should be both an uncle and father to you.

Enter POMP and DOMINIE.

POMP. Here he is. I got him. Now, Dominie, freeze em fast.

FRMT. I understand, friends, that you desire my services.

TOM. Yes, we wish you to unite two loving hearts.

FRMT. Who will give the bride away?

TOM. Her uncle, Thomas Quick.

FRMT. What, the Indian slayer ?

TOM. Yes, the "avenger of the Delaware valley."

FRMT. Then let us proceed. (*Surround the grave.*) Here we have another proof of the wisdom of the Psalmist. "God works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform." Years ago the grandfather of the lady, that is now about to take upon herself the duties of a wife, was consigned to this tomb. His body lies mouldering in this grave. His spirit has gone to the God that gave it, and we are assured that angels are the spirits of just men made perfect. If so, then the spirit of this father is hovering over and about us, and I doubt not, approving of this union. My friends, as a token that this union has the sanction of heaven, that you have given to and received each other to yourself, that each of you possesses the whole of the other's heart, "that you twain are one flesh," you will signify the same by kneeling on this grave. (*MAGGIE and WINFIELD kneel.*) Now, here, in the presence of heaven and these witnesses, I pronounce you one and record it in heaven as husband and wife. May the same kind Providence, that has so mysteriously led you in the past, continue to watch over you. May the same love and emotion that were your polar star in the past continue to shine. And when the time comes for an earthly separation may there be a reunion in heaven between father and child, amen. (*All arise.*)

MAG. Abram, are we really married ?

WIN. Certainly, my dear, (*kissing her*) and now you will accept a present from your husband ?

MAG. Yes. (*Nodding her head.*)

WIN. And wear it to please me ?

MAG. Yes, to please you. (*Puts ABE under chin.*)

POMP. Where does dis chile cum in ?

WIN. You mean you're present ?

POMP. Yah ! dat's it, massa. Whah is my present ?

WIN. You're freedom. Now you have the right to marry and own your own wife and children.

POMP. But whah is de cake and de raisins and all de knicknaks ?

MAG. We will have them when we return to the house.

POMP. Den let's go in double quick.

[*Exit POMP.*]

MAG. Uncle, you will go with us ?

TOM. No, Maggie. Meet me at Rosencranses two weeks from to-day. (*Exit MAGGIE and WIN. locked arms.*) Alone with the dead ! Let me commune with his spirit. Here is the spirit of one of the just made perfect. The clod cannot confine him. Father ! Father ! Have I done right ? Is your death avenged ? If so, depart. My father says I am right, heaven says I am right ; my work is done, my mission is ended. Come, Tom, (*holds up gun*) let us go to Rosencranses and die. To die ! is that all, or is there life beyond the grave ? But a moment since, methought I saw my father's spirit as it last appeared to me in life. Yes, it *must* be so. There is a life beyond the grave. My father is in the Spirit's Land. I, too, shall soon be there. But I wonder if I shall there meet the hundred Indians whom I have killed and scalped. No ! no ! it can't be so, for we are assured that there all is love. There the war-whoop and the scalp dance will be changed to heaven's sweetest music, and songs sung by heaven's fairest angels. Ah me ! I have not thought of these things since I was a boy. I have faithfully avenged my father's death. That has been my religion and faith—fully have I followed its rites. But, there is another spirit. Dimly in the outline I see her, as she holds my father's hand. It is she, who in days

gone by, read to me from the old iron-bound bible, of those blessed truths she died believing in. It is my mother. She is beckoning to me, come. Yes, mother, I am coming. Earth has no charms. The valley is clear, the Indians have gone, nothing more to do but die.

SCENE V.—*Interior of Rosencranse's House.*

(*Enter MAGGIE and WIN. locked arms. MAG. in a new dress.*)

WIN. Maggie, this must be heaven.

MAG. Then I must be an angel.

WIN. You are a queen !

MAG. Is it this dress that makes me a queen ?

WIN. No, not exactly, but you do look lovely.

MAG. In my first present ?

POMP (*outside*). Massa ! Oh, massa ! (*Enters.*) Oh, massa, sumfin terrible has happened. O, O, O—drefful, massa, drefful !

MAG. Calm yourself, Pomp, what has happened ?

POMP. Tom is dying.

MAG. Dying !

POMP. Yes, jest as pale as a ghostess.

MAG. Why, what ails him ?

POMP. De doctor says he's got the spinal man-eat-us.

MAG. The what ?

POMP. De spinal man-eat-us.

WIN. He means the spinal menigitis.

POMP. Yes, the spinal maneat-us. Dar ! dár they come !

(Enter attendants, carrying TOM on a litter to center of stage. TOM revives.)

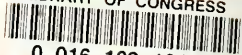
TOM. Where am I? *(Looks around.)* Is this heaven? No, it is earth. But I am in sight of heaven. *(Rises up, assisted by POMP and WIN.)* I see the silver lining behind the cloud. I see the portals open. I hear my father say, "Come, Tom." *(Feeling for rifle.)* Where is my old companion? *(Gun handed him.)* Yes, faithful to the last—you shall go with me! Where are my jewels—my crowns? *(Scalps handed him.)* This is my crown of glory! These are my passports to the spirit's world. Father, I come! I come! *(The gun drops to the floor and scalps from his hand. POMP and WINFIELD lay him on the cot.)*

FRMT. This is death. Thomas Quick has died as he lived—in the firm belief that revenge is one of the attributes of heaven. Let us pray. *(All kneel about the couch. Tableau.)*

FINAL.



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